

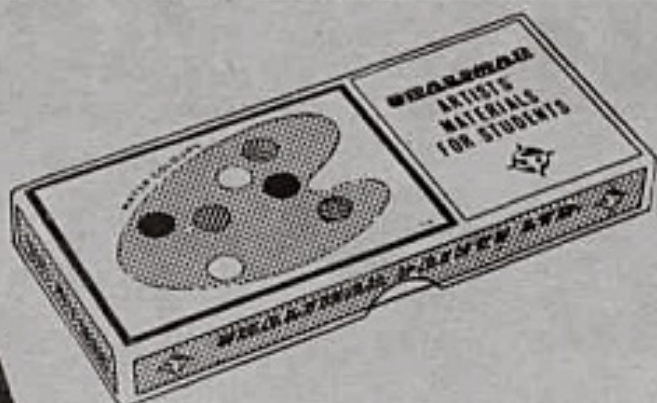
CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1970

75 P.



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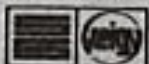


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*In this issue there is a host of stories, which we are sure every reader will enjoy. The story from ancient China "**Two of Everything**", will raise many a smile, and the tale "**The Golden Rose Bush**" from Armenia, is another gem. Of course there are a number of delightful Indian stories; and next month we have a special story for you from ancient India, it is called "**The Monkey Princess**" - - - be sure not to miss it. Finding new stories for **Chandamama** keeps the Editor and his staff very busy. Naturally it is a help when we know what our readers like - - - so why do not you write and give us your views?*

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A COMEDY OF ERRORS

In one of the many villages of India, a man called Sankar was a priest in the temple dedicated to Lord Shiva.

Sankar was a very pious and godly man and this won him the respect of everyone in the village.

Daily, well before day-break, Sankar used to go to the river, which was just outside the village, to have a bath. On his way home he had to pass a vegetable garden and he was in the habit of picking a few vegetables for his daily requirements. He did not consider this to be stealing because he reasoned that if the gardener had been there at that hour, he would have gladly given him a few vegetables. But Sankar was wrong in thinking this, because these unintentional

thefts of his gave rise to very grave consequences.

The gardener noticed the thefts and decided to find out who the culprit was by keeping watch in the vegetable garden the whole of one night.

On his way home after his prayers, Sankar as usual went into the garden and picked four brinjals. The gardener hearing the sounds Sankar made, went running up to him and gave him a big blow on his head with a cudgel.

Sankar was stunned and uttering the words, "Hey, Shiva! Hey, Shiva!" he fell heavily to the ground.

The gardener could not see who the thief was in the darkness, so he fetched a lamp and had a look at the prostrate figure. He was horrified to find

that the thief was the priest Sankar and that he had dealt him such a heavy blow. The gardener tried his best to revive Sankar, but the priest appeared to be quite lifeless. The gardener did not know what to do, and he was afraid that he would be hanged for murdering the priest. So he decided to flee for his life.

Sankar did not die. He had only been stunned by the blow. The cool morning breeze soon brought him back to his senses, and he remembered all that had happened. He thought that the gardener had gone to the village to bring all the villagers to see the thief and thus expose him. Rather than face the disgrace of being called a thief, Sankar decided to flee from the village immediately.

When Sankar still had not returned home by noon, his wife began to search for him. She went to the temple, but he was not there. All the villagers joined in the search too. Finally they found his bag on the banks of the river and concluded that he had been carried away by the under-currents in the river.

Later on it was noticed that the gardener was also missing,



and the remains of a fire was found smouldering in a corner of his garden. When the villagers raked up the embers, they found some bones amongst the ashes. Putting two and two together they came to the conclusion that the gardener had murdered Sankar, burnt his body and then had fled from the village.

The gardener was charged with murder and people were sent out in search of him, but he could not be found.

A year passed by. The gardener in the guise of a Sadhu had been wandering all over the countryside. At last the longing to see his wife and children were too great for him to resist; so he returned to his village in his disguise.

He soon learnt that he was charged with the murder of Sankar and that they were still searching for him. He also learnt that no one had found the body of Sankar. The gardener realized

that Sankar must have revived from the blow and be hiding somewhere. He decided to try and find Sankar.

Now Sankar had also been wandering about in the guise of a Sadhu. And so it was only a matter of time before the two came across one another.

The gardener recognized Sankar at once and asked him, "Sir, Are you not Sankar, the priest?"

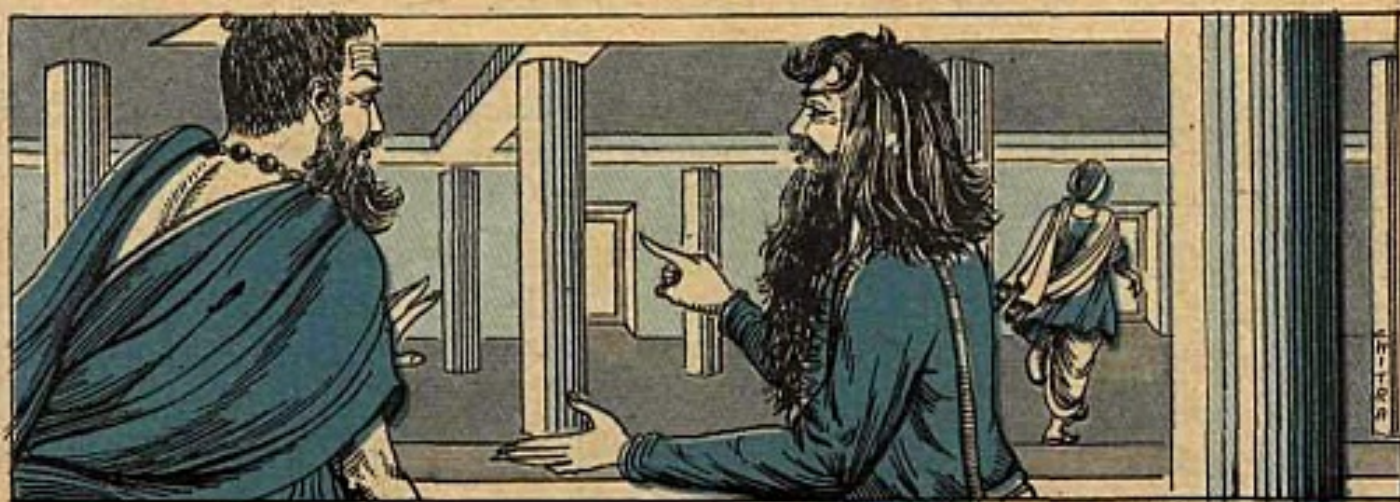
Sankar became speechless with surprise for a moment and thought—"this great sadhu seems to know everything." He decided to make a full confession to the sadhu.

"Holy Sir," he said, "I stole some vegetables from a garden and was knocked unconscious by the gardener. In order to avoid the shame of being known as a thief, I ran away from my village and have been ever since then, in this guise."

The gardener listened patiently and then said, "I am that gardener and I am in the same predicament as you, because of hitting you on the head. Good Sir, unless you appear alive in our village, the charge of murder against me will not be withdrawn. I am longing to be with my wife and children again, so please let us hurry home."

The priest and the gardener went back to their village. They told the surprised villagers that they had both been suddenly smitten with a desire to go on a long pilgrimage, and how they had decided not to tell a soul about it.

Now that their pilgrimage was over they had returned home, and were very sorry for all the trouble they had caused the villagers and the sorrow they had brought to their respective families.





WHO KILLED THE DWARF?

Long, long ago in India, there lived a master tailor who loved pleasure. On holidays he and his wife used to visit all the places of pleasure in the neighbouring city. On one of these outings they met a performing dwarf. He was so amusing, that the couple invited the dwarf home for dinner.

During dinner which consisted of fried fish, bread and lemon sauce, the dwarf kept the tailor and his wife in fits of laughter with his jokes and witty remarks. The tailor's wife was so pleased with the dwarf that she began to feed him with her own hands. In doing so she gave him an extra large piece of fish with a bone

in it, and this got stuck in the dwarf's throat. Suffocated the dwarf fell limp on the floor. The tailor cursed his fate saying, "God! What an awful thing to have to happen in the middle of such a pleasant dinner. Now I will be hanged for this."

His wife admonished him saying, "Don't be silly. Let us quickly dispose of the dwarf's body. Then no one will know who killed the dwarf."

"What do you want me to do with the body?" asked the tailor.

"Let us cover the dwarf's body with a white cloth and say that it is our child, who is ill



They went to the doctor's house

with small-pox," suggested his wife. "And then let us go out into the streets with the body and cry for a doctor."

Hearing the cry of 'small-pox'! everyone in the street quickly moved away to a safe distance from the tailor and his wife. Only one brave man directed them to the doctor's house.

The tailor's wife knocked hard on the doctor's door. The doctor's servant came to the door and thrusting a piece of silver into the servant's hand, the tailor's wife cried, "Good sir, the child is very ill! Please fetch the doctor immediately!"

As soon as the servant rushed upstairs to call the doctor, the tailor hurriedly carried the body up the stairs and then he and his wife disappeared into the darkness, as quickly as they could.

Seeing the large piece of silver that the tailor's wife had given his servant, the doctor in his excitement forgot to take his lamp with him. He did not see the body of the dwarf lying on his landing and stumbled over it, sending it rolling down the flight of stairs.

The doctor quickly got his lamp and rushed down the stairs to see what it was he had kicked down the stairs. He found the body of the dwarf and to his horror he discovered that there was no life in the dwarf's body and concluded that he had been the cause of the dwarf's death. He immediately went to his wife and asked her what he should do.

"Husband," said the doctor's wife, "the body must be somehow disposed of before daybreak, or else we will be in great trouble. Let us put the body in the backyard of our good neighbour, the head-cook of the Emperor. He keeps so many dogs and cats, that by

the morning there will be nothing left of the dwarf's body."

The doctor and his wife carried the body and placed it leaning against the wall of the chief-cook's kitchen.

Soon afterwards, the chief-cook returned home and found some one leaning against his kitchen wall. He had often found things missing from his kitchen and now thought that he had caught the thief red-handed. Shouting, "Thief! thief!" he hit the dwarf on his head with his walking stick, as hard as he could.

The dwarf's body slumped over on to the ground and the cook bent down to have a look at the thief. He discovered that the dwarf was dead and exclaimed, "I'm done for now. Not satisfied with robbing me when he was alive, now that he is dead he is going to get me hanged!"

He slung the corpse over his shoulder and carried it to the market-place. There he propped the body up against the shutters of a closed shop.

A drunken money-lender was reeling homeward, when he saw the dwarf's body leaning against



The doctor and his wife find an answer



The money lender was caught the shutters of his shop. Imagining him to be a thief he shouted, "Thief!, thief! Catch him!" and rushed up to the dwarf and beat him up with his umbrella. The noise he made soon attracted a crowd. When they found the drunken money-lender beating up the dwarf, they caught hold of him and took him and the dwarf's body to the local magistrate.

The money-lender was accused of murdering the dwarf and condemned to be hanged the next morning.

At day-break the gallows were erected in the market-place. The whole town came

to witness the hanging of the money-lender. He was led up to the gallows and the noose was placed around his neck.

Just as he was about to be hanged, the Emperor's chief-cook ran up shouting, "I killed the dwarf, I killed the dwarf, stop the hanging!"

"How did you kill the dwarf?" demanded the magistrate. The cook explained how it had all happened.

"Take the noose off the money-lender's neck," ordered the magistrate, "and put it round the neck of the cook, who has confessed his crime."

The doctor then hurried up to the gallows and said that he and not the Emperor's chief-cook had murdered the dwarf.

The magistrate heard his story and then ordered the noose to be placed round the doctor's neck.

Before the doctor could be hanged, the tailor came forward and confessed that he was the originator of the crime. The magistrate exclaimed, "Ah, now at last we have the real murderer, hang him!"

Again there was a staying of the execution and this time it was because of the orders of the Emperor himself.



The cook confessed to the crime

The dwarf was the Emperor's jester and when the dwarf was found to be missing, the Emperor asked his courtiers what had happened to him.

"Your Majesty, your dwarf has been murdered. And four men claim to have killed him," his courtiers told him.

The Emperor ordered that the body of his dwarf and the four murderers be brought before him.

The murderers and the dwarf's body were brought before the Emperor. Each of the murderers told their respective stories to the Emperor. The Emperor's physician hearing the tailor's story, examined the dwarf's body carefully and said, "Your Majesty, the dwarf is not dead! There are signs of life in him still."

The physician forced open the mouth of the dwarf and carefully examined it. Then he took his forceps from his medicine bag and keeping the dwarf's mouth open with one hand, with the other, he pulled out the big piece of fish from the gullet of the dwarf. The dwarf at once sneezed several times and then sat up and rubbed his eyes and slowly rose to his feet.

The four alleged murderers were overjoyed that the dwarf was alive, after all. The Emperor gave his physician a handsome reward for his clever diagnosis and he also gave each of the acquitted murderers a large gift, because he was so pleased that his dwarf jester was alive and well.

STORY FROM CHINA

TWO OF EVERYTHING

Mr. and Mrs. Hak-Tak were poor, hard-working people. They owned a small house in a mountain village and a tiny patch of ground where Mr. Hak-Tak managed to grow just enough vegetables for his wife and himself to live on.

Now one day it happened that when Mr. Hak-Tak was digging over his precious plot of earth he uncovered a large brass pot. To his disappointment the pot did not contain anything, but he was sure his wife could find some use for it. As he struggled to lift the large and heavy pot, his money purse, which he kept tucked in his belt, slipped to the ground. Thinking that the safest place for the purse was in the pot, Mr. Hak-Tak dropped it inside and then staggered home with his load.

"My dear, whatever have you got there?" asked Mrs. Hak-Tak when she saw what her husband was carrying.

"It's a brass pot I found buried in the vegetable patch," Mr. Hak-Tak replied. "I thought we could find a use for it although it is too large for cooking and too small for a bath. The only thing it has been useful for so far is carrying my money purse home."

Mrs. Hak-Tak stooped to look inside the pot and as she did so one of her hairpins fell inside. She reached inside to find it and suddenly gave a gasp of surprise.

"Oh my dear husband!" she cried. "What can be the meaning of this? I put my hand into the pot to fetch out my hairpin and your purse and



"Whatever have you got there?" asked Mrs. Hak-Tak when she saw what her husband was carrying.

look, I have brought out two hairpins and two purses, exactly alike."

"Open the purse. Open both purses," said Mr. Hak-Tak. "One of them is certain to be empty."

But this was not so. Both purses contained exactly the same amount of money.

"Now we have twice as much money as before," cried Mrs. Hak-Tak, "and I have two hairpins instead of one."



take out two purses each time we put in one, we shall have enough money by tomorrow evening to buy everything we need."

Mrs. Hak-Tak agreed and dropped in one purse and then pulled out two. She added the new money to the old amount, dropped in the purse again, and pulled out twice the larger amount. For several hours the Hak-Taks continued to do this until they had more than enough money for all their needs. "Come my dear wife," said Mr. Hak-Tak at long last. "It is time we slept, and besides, the pot will still be here tomorrow and we can continue to increase our wealth."

For the next few hours the Hak-Taks amused themselves by putting all sorts of things into the pot. Mr. Hak-Tak put in his padded winter coat and when he took it out again, another coat lay at the bottom. Mrs. Hak-Tak put in a blanket, saying they would need another during the cold winter, and sure enough she pulled out two blankets. The brass pot never failed them and then Mr. Hak-Tak had an idea.

"My dear wife, let us put my purse in again and again. If we

The next morning they rose early. Mr. Hak-Tak filled his wallet with money taken from the pot and then, bidding his wife goodbye, he set off to buy more things in one morning than he had bought in thirty years.

At lunchtime Mr. Hak-Tak returned home and called to his wife to come and see what he had bought. Mrs. Hak-Tak, who had just been looking into the brass pot, heard her husband call and she turned to greet him. At that moment a terrible thing



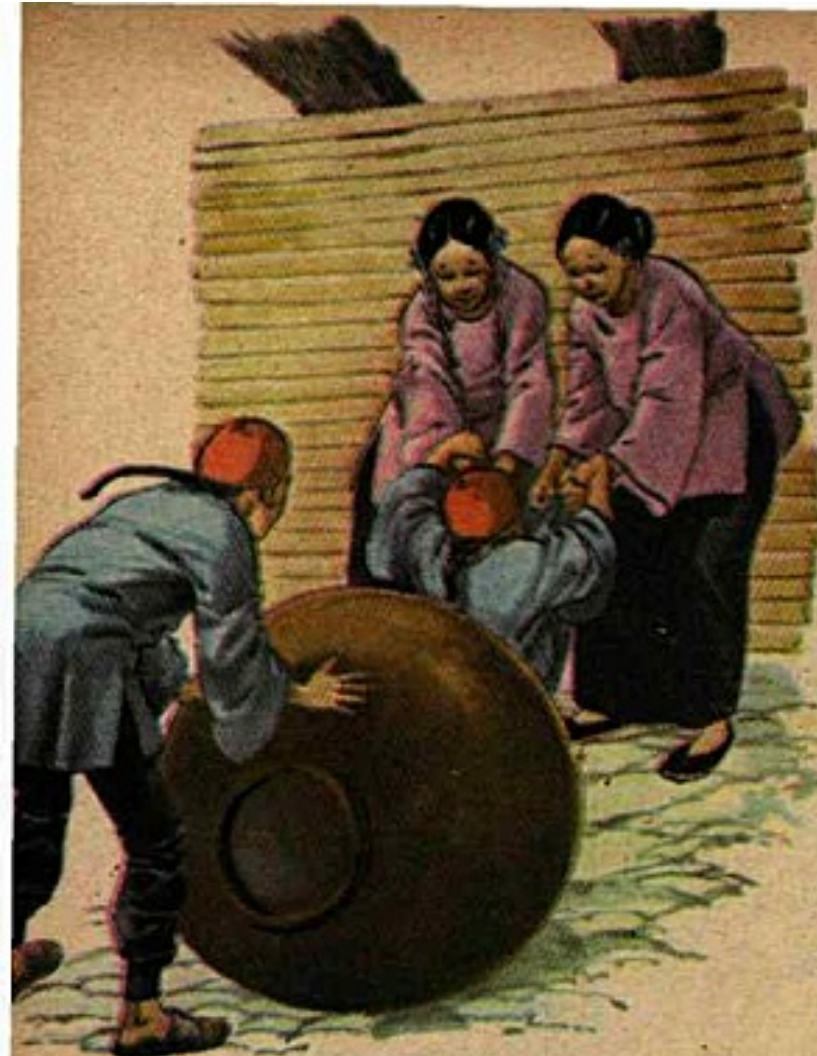
As Mrs. Hak-Tak turned to greet her husband she overbalanced and fell into the pot.

happened—she overbalanced and, alas, tumbled right into the pot.

Mr. Hak-Tak ran across the room to pull out his wife, but no sooner had he set her down

safely, than he saw the kicking legs of another Mrs. Hak-Tak in the pot. He quickly pulled the second woman out.

As soon as old Mrs. Hak-Tak saw the other woman she



screamed at the top of her voice, "I will not have a second Mrs. Hak-Tak in the house. Put her back in the pot at once."

"What? And draw out two more?" said her husband. "If two wives are too many for me what should I do with three?"

As he said this Mr. Hak-Tak took a step backwards, tripped over and, alas, fell straight into the pot.

Both Mrs. Hak-Taks ran to pull him out, but no sooner had they helped the first Mr. Hak-Tak out than they saw a second Mr. Hak-Tak, exactly like the first, inside the brass pot.

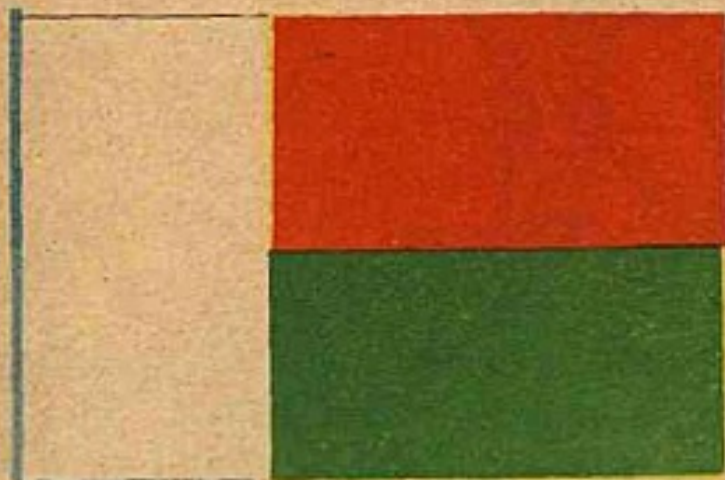
Then old Mr. Hak-Tak stormed and raged, not liking the idea of having a double any more than his wife.

Suddenly old Mrs. Hak-Tak had a bright idea. "Listen, my dear husband," she said. "It is a very good thing that there is a new one of you as well as a new one of me. It means that you and I can go on in our usual way, and these new people can set up house together next door."

This is just what happened. The old Hak-Taks built themselves a fine house with the money they had taken from the pot and next door they built a house just like it for the new Hak-Taks. Whatever they bought they dropped into the pot so they had another just like it to give to the new Hak-Taks. The neighbours, of course, were very surprised at the Hak-Taks' new wealth and even more so with the new couple who looked so much like the old Hak-Taks.

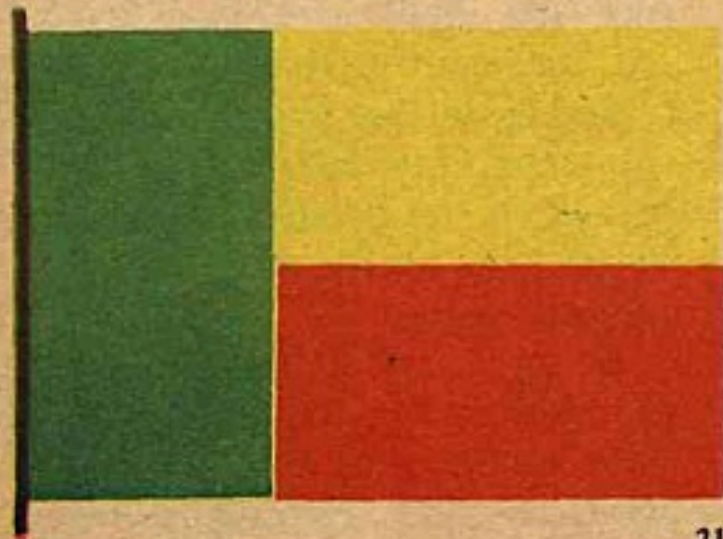
They were sure the new couple must be very close relations and they said, "It looks as though the Hak-Taks when they became so unexpectedly rich decided to have two of everything, including themselves!"

WHAT ARE THESE FLAGS?

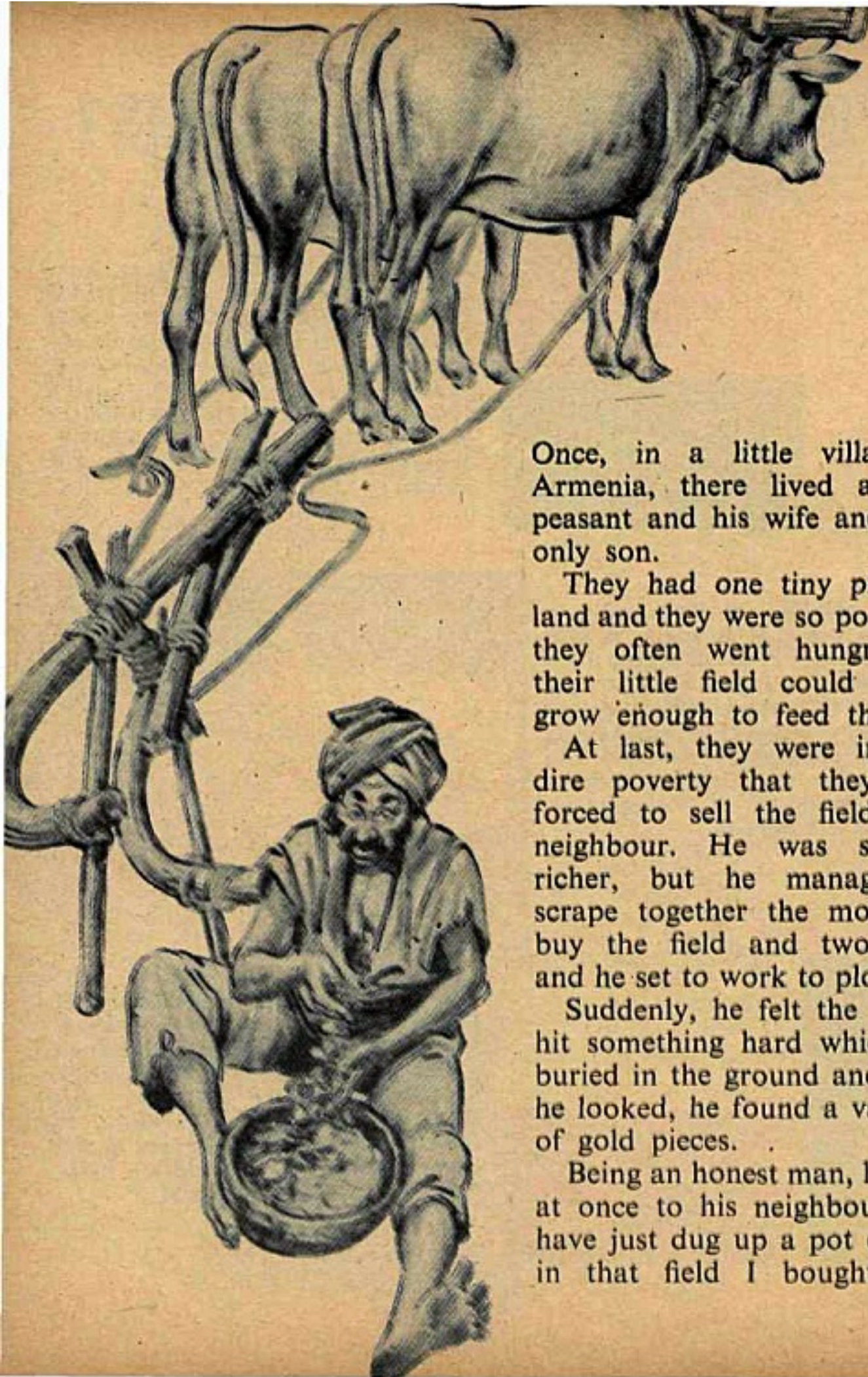


Here is the flag of Malagasy, once known as Madagascar, the big island some 240 miles off the south-east coast of Africa. Discovered by the Portuguese in 1500, the country was occupied by the French during the 18th century. In 1960 the country became entirely independent, taking the title of Malagasy Republic.

Here is the flag of Yugoslavia, a European country formed in 1918 when a number of small States were joined as a kingdom. But the monarchy was not secure and was swept away altogether during the Second World War. In 1946 the country took the title of Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia; its capital is Belgrade.



This is the flag of the Republic of Dahomey, a land in West Africa. Linked with France for more than a century, it became an entirely independent State in 1960. Although its coastline is only 75 miles long, Dahomey covers 47,000 square miles, which is only a little less than that of England.



Once, in a little village in Armenia, there lived a poor peasant and his wife and their only son.

They had one tiny piece of land and they were so poor that they often went hungry, for their little field could hardly grow enough to feed them.

At last, they were in such dire poverty that they were forced to sell the field to a neighbour. He was scarcely richer, but he managed to scrape together the money to buy the field and two oxen, and he set to work to plough it.

Suddenly, he felt the plough hit something hard which was buried in the ground and when he looked, he found a vase full of gold pieces.

Being an honest man, he went at once to his neighbour. "I have just dug up a pot of gold in that field I bought from

THE GOLDEN ROSE BUSH

you," he said. "I bought the field, but I did not buy any gold. Take the gold. By rights it belongs to you."

"No, it is not mine," replied the other peasant. "I sold you the field and everything in it. It belongs to you. I will not take what is not rightly mine."

"I am an honest man," cried the other peasant. "I do not wish to profit from the foolishness of others. Take the gold. I don't want what does not belong to me."

The two went on in this fashion for some time, shouting louder and louder and becoming angrier and angrier, until at last they even came to blows.

It was obvious that things could not go on like this and at last the two peasants went to the king and asked him to judge who was the owner of the pot of gold.

The king was amazed to

find two such honest men. He thought for some time and then he said, "How many children have you?"

"I have one son," replied the first peasant.

"And I have one daughter," said the other.

"What better," said the king. "See that they marry each other and give them the gold as a wedding present."

The two peasants were delighted with this simple solution to their problem and their children were even more delighted, for they had fallen in love and were very happy to marry each other.

With the money in the pot, they bought a splendid piece of land and built themselves a lovely little house and gave a grand wedding feast for all their neighbours.

From that time on, the two families worked together in peace and harmony, pleased to

see their children so happy. Their hard work on their farm made them quite wealthy and, to the wonder of everyone around, where the pot of gold had been found there grew up a wonderful rose bush, which bore shining golden flowers.

One day, the king's son happened to pass that way, as he was out hunting. He saw the lovely rose bush with its flowers of shining gold and he wished to pick a branch for himself, so, without stopping to find out who owned the bush, he leapt from his horse and went over and seized a branch which was loaded with blossoms.



As he did so, the bush rose from the ground, sailed up above his head and disappeared among the clouds.

Surprised and annoyed, the young man returned to his horse, but as he rode away, he turned to look over his shoulder. He was even more surprised to see that the golden rose bush had returned to its former place.

Back went the prince, for he dearly wished to have at least one golden rose, but as he reached out to take a flower by the stalk, the same thing happened. The rose bush lifted itself from the ground and disappeared.

More annoyed than ever, the young man again mounted his horse but when he looked back, there was the rose bush again, just as though it had never left the field.

The prince rode angrily back, determined that at all costs he would have at least one golden petal, but as he reached out his hand, the rose bush left the ground for the third time and floated up above his head, until it disappeared from sight.

At this, the prince flew into a terrible rage and he ordered his servants to destroy everything



that was in the field and leave nothing growing there at all.

The terrified peasants watched the destruction from the safety of their cottage, but there was nothing they could do.

When he returned to the palace, the young prince told his father what had happened. The king listened in silence and then he called all the wisest men in the land together, but

none of them could explain the mystery of the disappearing rose bush.

The young prince, overcome with curiosity, decided to set out and travel the world until he could find someone who would explain it to him.

At last he met an old woman, to whom he told his story. "I cannot tell you the answer," she said, "but in the first city

you come to, you will find a dwarf. Ask him."

The prince thanked her and rode on. Sure enough, when he came to the city he found the dwarf and told him the story of the golden rose bush. The dwarf nodded his head, very wisely.

"The golden rose bush is a reward for virtue and hard labour," he said. "The roses may only be picked by the owner of the field and no one else. This is to make sure that no one takes the fortune of another for himself and also to make sure that no one is able to destroy another's property. It is to teach people not to be envious of the fortune of others, but to seek to achieve the things they want by their own hard work."

The young prince hung his head in shame at these words, for he remembered how, in his great rage, he had ordered the field and everything in it to be destroyed.

He thanked the dwarf and went back at once to the field, to ask the peasants how he could make up for his thoughtless actions, but to his delight and amazement, when he reached their home, he found

that the golden rose bush had returned.

It stood in its former place in a field full of crops and blooming with flowers, where there was no sign of the havoc made by the prince's servants.





TRUST NOT MAN

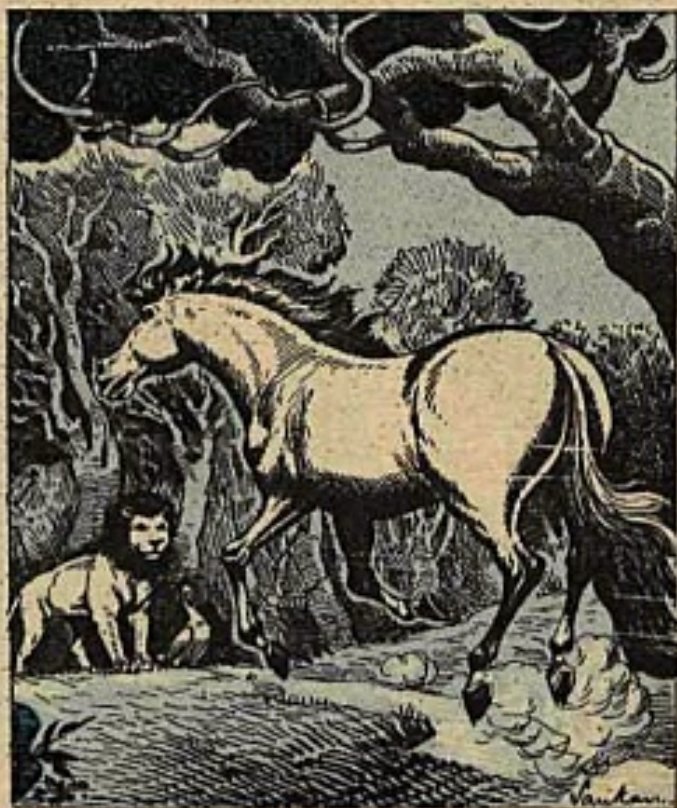
The majestic lion ruled over the forest, and under his rule all the animals and birds lived in peace. But then you see, man had never set foot in this forest.

One night a goose in the forest had a bad nightmare. In its dream it saw a man for the first time, and the man was smiling and beckoning the goose to come to him. But a voice warned the goose to run for its life, as man was the wickedest animal on earth.

The goose woke up in terror, and flew wildly about trying to escape from such a nightmare. It soon tired and landed panting, close by the lion.

"Who are you, and why are you so scared?" roared the lion.

"I am just a goose, and in a dream I saw a man," replied the goose. "But a voice warned me that man was wicked, so I am running away from him."



The lion shook its mane. "I am your king, and am here to protect you. Come with me, and I will show man who is supreme."

The two set off to find man, and on the way they met a donkey who seemed to be in a great haste.

"Whoa there! and where do you think you are going?" roared the lion.

"I am running away from man," brayed the donkey. "He makes me carry heavy loads, and beats me with a stick to make

me go faster. So I am running away."

"Come with us, and I will protect you," roared the lion.

The donkey shook its head: "May be so, your majesty, but I prefer to run away."

As the donkey trotted away, the lion and the goose continued their journey in search of man. A little later a horse came galloping towards them.

"Stop, and tell us what is wrong with you," roared the lion.

The horse slowed down to



a trot. "I am running away from man. All he wants to do is to sit on my back, hit me with a whip and goad me with his spurs, so I am running away, and I am not going to stop running."

With that the horse galloped, on, and not long afterwards a camel came lumbering towards them.

The camel told the same story of man's cruelty and ambled away without taking the slightest notice of the lion's assurances.

And then who should they meet but man himself, in the form of a carpenter, carrying his tools in a basket.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" roared the lion.

"I am a poor carpenter," said the man meekly. "And I am going to build a house for your minister, the cheetah."

"You will build a house for me first," roared the lion. "Then afterwards you can build one for my minister."

So the carpenter set to work, cutting timber; sawing and hammering, whilst the lion and the goose sat nearby watching.

By the evening the house was finished, and the carpenter invited the lion to try it for size. The lion proudly jumped inside, and with that the carpenter slammed the door.

"Let me out," roared the lion, smashing at the door with its mighty paws.

"Oh no!" replied the man smilingly. "I now have you in a cage, and I will sell you to a zoo or a circus. If you had any sense, you would have run away with the other animals."

As long as it lived, the lion repented for its folly in trusting a man.





DID YOU KNOW THAT . . . **THE WREN IS KING?**

WHO is the king of the birds? Most people would probably say the eagle, but according to tradition it is the wren that holds the title.

How one of the tiniest of birds achieved this honour is told in an amusing legend. The birds apparently decided to hold a contest to see which of them could fly the highest, the winner would then be their monarch.

Naturally enough, the eagle soared high above all others, but secretly hidden on the eagle's back was a cunning little wren.

Just at the right moment the tiny bird launched himself away from the eagle and flew even higher, thus winning the kingship.

The fable however, has some connection with reality, for the gold-crested wren, which weighs less than a fifth of an ounce, has been known to fly from the back of an owl coming in from the sea!

Also interesting is the fact that the words for a "wren" in Latin, German, French and Spanish, all mean a king.



THE THREE HELPERS

Long ago there were two princes who decided to travel far afield in search of adventure. The elder of the two, Raja, was inclined to be bad tempered, whilst the younger of the two, Shyam, was forever good natured.

During their travels, they rested one day beside a lake in a valley bedecked with wild flowers. Shyam was quite happy to sit and admire the graceful white swans gliding majestically across the lake. Not so his brother, who picked up his bow and took aim at the nearest swan.

Shyam quickly knocked up his brother's arm; "How can you wantonly kill such beautiful birds?"

"What do I care about swans," Raja snorted, throw-

ing his bow down in anger.

Later, when they were riding through a forest, they came to a large anthill. Shyam was amused at the busy line of tireless ants going to and fro. Not so Raja, who started to kick holes into the anthill.

"Stop," Shyam shouted, pulling his brother back. "Why do you want to destroy ants?"

"You are becoming tiresome," replied Raja angrily and mounting his horse, he rode on, not troubling to wait for his brother.

Things came to a head on the following day when Raja took a delight in catching and killing honey bees. When Shyam told him to stop being foolish, Raja lost his temper completely and galloped off, saying that he had



no wish for his brother's company any more.

Poor Shyam was downcast, but he resolved to follow his brother, who he knew would soon get over his bout of temper. He had no sooner mounted his horse, when he heard his name being called. Looking round, he was surprised to see a swan, a bee and an ant standing behind his horse.

"Kind sir, we three are grateful for your kindness to birds and insects," said the swan. "Now, if you ever need help, just think of us and we will be at your side."

Shyam thanked his newly found friends, and rode on hoping to catch up with his brother before darkness descended.

For two days Shyam rode through the forests without seeing any trace of his brother. On the following day he came to a desolate looking palace. In front of the palace was an ornamental lake, and on the bank were three dead trees grouped together, and in the little shade they gave, sat a grey bearded old man.

Shyam decided he would call at the palace in the hope of news of his brother. As he started to wend his way to the palace gate, a feeble voice behind him cried, "Do not go near the palace! It is under a curse. Be on your way otherwise you will come to grief."

Turning round Shyam saw that it was the old man who was speaking.

"Tell me, what is this curse you speak of?" Shyam asked.

"It is a sad tale," the old man replied. "A king had twin daughters and a younger son. The twins were so much alike that it was impossible to tell them apart. But they were gay and happy children."

"Then one day," continued the old man, "a so-called magician came to this very spot, and he was of such queer appearance, that the children in their usual high spirits, laughed at him and gave him three tasks to perform. The young prince took a casket, locked it and threw the key into the lake, and told the magician to make it reappear. The princess Vasu, broke her string of pearls and scattered them over the grass, and told the magician to find the pearls and re-string them. And then princess Madhu, dared the magician to say which of the three was the first born."

Shyam could see that there were tears on the old man's cheeks as he continued his story. "The magician was an evil man. He turned the prince and the princesses into these three dead trees. The king entreated the magician to be merciful, but all he would promise was, that if someone performed the tasks the children had set him, the children would regain their human form. But whoever tried and failed, would also be turned into a dead tree. Only two days ago, a prince came here and he tried unsuccessfully to perform the three tasks, now



he is that dead tree you see over there."

Listening to the old man's story, Shyam realised that the old man obviously was the king, and that the prince who two days ago had been turned into a dead tree, must be his own brother.

Turning to the old man, Shyam said, "It certainly is a sad story, but do not worry anymore because I will perform these tasks and bring the prin-

cesses and the prince back to life."

Closing his eyes, Shyam thought of the white swan, and when he opened his eyes, the swan stood before him. -

Shyam told the swan all about the key that was thrown into the lake. And without much ado, off went the swan and within minutes the swan came waddling ashore with the key firmly clutched in its beak.

Having unlocked the casket, Shyam next thought of the ant, and when the ant appeared and heard the story of the pearl necklace, it seemed as though all the ants in the kingdom were occupied in searching for the pearls.

Eventually every single pearl was discovered, and the old man, who was of course the King, sat and restrung the pearls.

Now Shyam thought of the

honey bee, and when it appeared and Shyam explained that he had to decide which was the oldest tree, the bee flew into the air, and after circling the three trees landed on the one in the centre.

Immediately the three trees disappeared, and in their place stood the two princesses and the prince. And over yonder, the other dead tree had vanished, and instead there was Shyam's brother, Raja standing there.

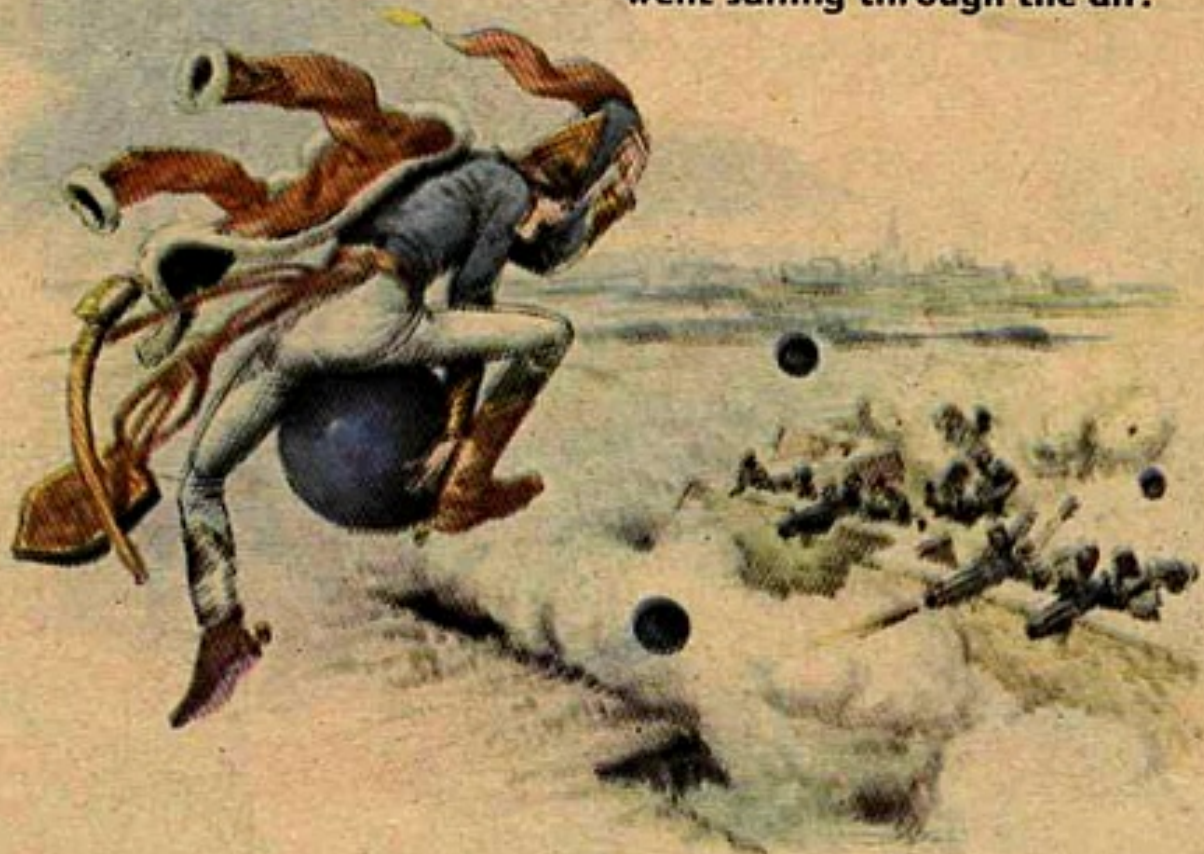
The King was overjoyed and after embracing his three children, begged Shyam and his brother to stay and enjoy his hospitality.

The brothers, already bewitched by the princesses readily agreed, and very soon afterwards Prince Shyam married Princess Vasu, and Prince Raja married Princess Madhu.



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

I jumped on to the cannon-ball and
went sailing through the air.



Hello, Chandamama readers! Last month I was telling you about Emperor, the wonderful horse which helped me to win a battle against the Turks.

Although that battle was easily won, the war still went on. There were other cities to be captured, and there was one large town, whose name I have

forgotten, which the Turks were defending strongly.

It was very important that our general should know what was going on inside the city—how many guns and men the Turks had, how strong the defences were and so forth—but it seemed impossible to get close enough to do this.

The risk was very great. A soldier approaching the town would certainly be seen by the Turkish sentries and thus would not live very long. There was not a man willing to take such a risk, but somehow the dangerous task had to be done.

"How do we do it, Baron?" asked the general. "To take a good look into that city we

would need some sort of flying machine."

"Ah, my dear general, you have just given me an idea," I replied.

The idea was a very daring one. I went and stood close to one of our big guns.

When it was fired towards the town I jumped on to the cannon-ball and went sailing through the air.



**I scarcely had time to raise my hat
and beg the ladies to excuse me.**

I was high enough up to look into the town and to see that the Turks had many big guns—but when I had got a little nearer, a sudden thought struck me.

"Hum," I thought. "Flying towards the town may be all very well, but how am I to get back? What will happen to me when this cannon-ball lands among the Turks? I will be captured and treated as a spy—and that will be the end of the famous Baron Munchausen."

It was a nasty moment. I had been foolish not to think of it before. But once again my presence of mind saved me.

I saw a cannon-ball, fired from one of the Turkish guns, passing a short distance from

me. I jumped on to it and so was carried back into the midst of my friends, safe and sound and very much relieved.

Thanks to my quick look, we knew what the Turkish defences were and were able to make plans which resulted in the capture of the town, so my journey through the air was not wasted.

However quick and active I might be, my gallant horse was just as good. No ditches, or hedges, or anything else could stop him. He went always, straight ahead.

One day a hare that we were chasing darted across the road. At the same moment, a carriage with two beautiful ladies in it came by, separating us from the running hare.



Emperor, as usual, went straight on. He passed so rapidly and so lightly through the carriage that I scarcely had time to raise my hat and beg the ladies to excuse me.

There was another time when I wished to cross a small lake by jumping my horse over it. Emperor took a good leap, when I told him to, but when I was halfway across the water I saw that it was a much wider lake than I had imagined at first.

Remembering the famous old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try again," I at once turned back in the middle of my leap and returned to the bank I had just left, to take a stronger leap.

This second time, however, we took off badly and fell into the deep lake, which was thick with weeds and mud. Beyond any doubt, we both could have been drowned, but I quickly grasped the top hairs of my head and lifted myself up, together with my horse, whom I gripped tightly with my knees.

It was a lucky escape and after that we walked around the lake!



BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION

When Trivikram was king of the ancient kingdom of Avanti, corruption was rampant amongst his ministers and high officials.

In order to put an end to these malpractices of theirs, he decreed that any minister or official found guilty of corruption, would have his nose cut off. The execution of this punishment was assigned to the king's barber.

Early one morning, happening to look out of his palace window, the king saw his executioner-barber having a heated argument with two of the condemned officials. Curious to know what it was all about, he sent for the prisoners and asked, "Why were you having such a heated discussion with my barber?"

"Your Majesty," replied one of the condemned officials, "the barber was telling us that he has two knives, which he keeps for the purpose of cutting off the noses of people like us. One has a very sharp edge and the other one's edge is comparatively blunt. He charges a fee of one hundred rupees



for using the sharp knife to cut off an accused man's nose and only fifty rupees for the blunt knife. If he uses the sharp knife, the job is over and done with very quickly. But if he uses blunt knife, the accused has to suffer a great deal more; because it takes so much longer to cut off a nose with a blunt knife than it does with a sharp knife."

King Trivikram was astounded with what he heard. He decided to teach his barber a lesson, by having not only his nose cut off, but his tongue cut out too. In this way he felt sure that his subjects would think twice in future, before they attempted to take bribes or to be corrupt.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the January issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words, but the two captions should be related to each other.

- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

- ★ Entries must be received before 30th November, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard and be addressed to :
Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in September issue

The prize is awarded to Mr. J. Ravindra

5/485, Lashkar Bazar,

Hanamkonda, Warangal

Winning entry : — 'Here she dozes' — 'There he poses'



The Story of Yogesh

Through the ages there have always been rulers, who drunk with their own power, have endeavoured to usurp other domains.

And so it was many centuries ago, when King Kamal of Samand, longed to possess the rich neighbouring kingdom of Choudh, ruled by King Prasen a rather weak willed monarch.

But King Kamal decided that to invade his neighbour would be too costly for his impoverished treasury, so he would have to resort to cunning and treachery to achieve his ends.

So first he challenged King Prasen to a chariot race for very high stakes, and under the code of chivalry, the challenge had to be accepted.

King Prasen sent for all the chariot makers in the kingdom,

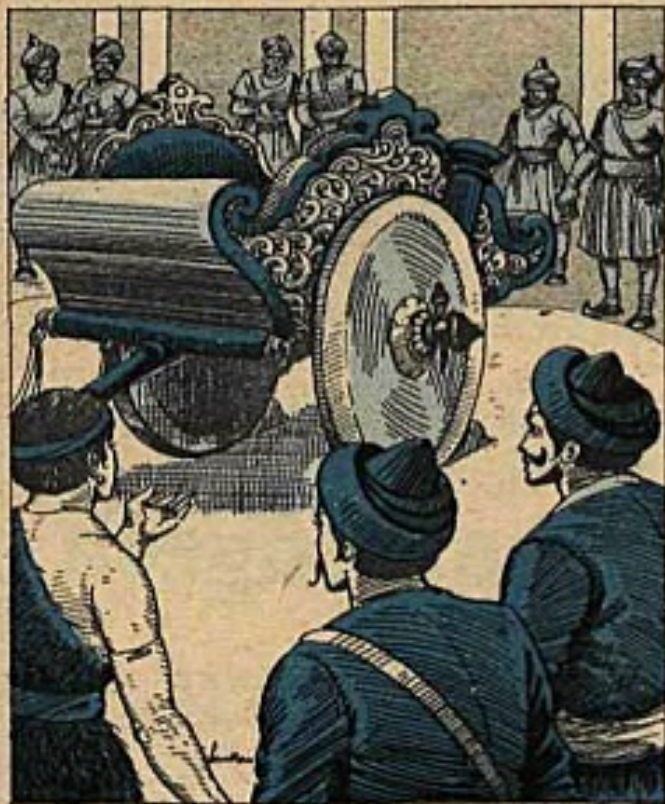
and offered a large prize to the one who built him the fastest racing chariot.

Within a matter of days all the chariots were ready for the king's inspection, but although there were many fine chariots, one was absolutely outstanding for its sheer beauty and speed.

The chariot-maker was quick to come forward to accept the prize money, but he really had little to do with the building of the chariot, which was designed by an apprentice named Yogesh, who received very poor pay for the work he did.

When Yogesh learned that his chariot had won the prize, he hastened to join the crowd of courtiers admiring the chariot in front of the palace.

Yogesh overheard one of the king's men proclaim in a loud



voice, "With the king's white horses, this chariot will fly over the ground and leave King Kamal far behind."

Grasping the man by the arm, Yogesh cried out, "I built this chariot and know what it can do. But I must shoe the king's horses, else the race will be lost."

The king's man did not know what to do with this excited youth, so he took him to the king, who having listened to Yogesh's story, let him fit his white horses with shoes.

When the chariot race was run on the following day, it turned out to be a one-sided affair, with the crowd cheering

King Prasen to an easy victory. King Kamal was furious, and vowed to get even at any cost.

As a reward for his services, Yogesh was taken into the services of King Prasen, and given money and fine clothes to wear.

Meanwhile King Kamal, fretting over his defeat, sent for an old woman, named Malli, who was famed for her powers of witchcraft. He told the old woman she must devise a way in which he could defeat King Prasen.

"That's simple," muttered the old woman, "I will explain what you should do."

Later, a messenger went to King Prasen's palace, and when he was taken in front of the King, announced; "Your Majesty, here are three sticks of equal size, King Kamal challenges you to say which stick was cut from the tree first?"

"I will send the answer by sunrise tomorrow," announced King Prasen, wondering how he could solve such a problem.

Yogesh was sent for, and when he was shown the three sticks, smiled and said, "This is easy, just throw the sticks into the lake and the stick that



The sorceress warns King Prasen

remains afloat the longest is the stick first cut from the tree."

When King Kamal was given the correct answer, he sent for the old woman Malli in a towering rage: "How is it," he shouted, "That King Prasen could solve your problem so easily?"

"It could not be King Prasen," said the old woman scared for her life. "He must have found a clever adviser. But leave it to me, and I will find ways and means of getting rid of this clever adviser."

The old woman, disguised herself as a soothsayer and went to King Prasen's court,

where she was given the opportunity to read the king's palm. She took one look at the king's hand and gave a horrified gasp: "O king, you are in deadly peril, someone whom you trust, is planning to murder you!"

The King was frightened and wondered who the villain could be. Ah! it must be Yogesh. So without thinking twice, the King ordered Yogesh to be arrested and to be buried alive that very day.

Stone masons hurried to the task of building a tomb in the palace grounds to house the hapless Yogesh. As they were at work, the king's daughter.



The princess goes to the tomb

Princess Shoba happened to pass. Wondering at such feverish activity, the Princess called the head stone mason and asked what was he building in such haste.

"Your Highness, we are building a tomb," said the mason with a shrug. "It's for Yogesh, who is to be buried alive."

The Princess was horrified, for she was very fond of Yogesh. Feeling sure that Yogesh could not be guilty of any foul crime, she gave the mason the jewels she was wearing, and made him promise to leave one of the stone slabs loose.

That night, when all were asleep, the Princess slipped out of the palace with food for her poor Yogesh. Without much difficulty she was able to move the loose stone slab. Yogesh, who was more dead than alive, was amazed and delighted at the sight of the Princess. Between mouthfuls of food, he told the Princess that he had no idea as to why the king had sent him to such a terrible death.

"Be of good cheer," whispered the Princess, "I will find out who made my father do this to you. But you must stay here and every night I

will bring you food and drink."

When King Kamal heard of Yogesh's fate, he was more than delighted. For now he could challenge King Prasen and win the simplest wager.

Two weeks later, twelve young men all very much alike, presented themselves before King Prasen and handed him a letter from King Kamal. When the King read the missive, he turned to his chief minister, in a fury.

"Listen to this," he shouted, his hands trembling with rage. "King Kamal has challenged me to find the crown prince

from among these twelve youths. How do I know which is the prince when they all look alike?"

"But that is not all," the King continued, "King Kamal says that if I fail to select the right one within twenty four hours, he will declare war on us!"

That evening Princess Shoba went to the King, who was pacing up and down his chamber like a caged tiger, wondering what to do for the best.

"Father I know that you are worried," said the Princess,



The twelve young men sit down to dinner

"But first tell me, why did you have Yogesh put to death?"

The King turned to the Princess in anguish, "That was my great mistake. I was cruelly misled by a witch. Now I would give half my kingdom to have Yogesh here."

The Princess said, "Why not break open the tomb to see if Yogesh is still alive?"

"No my child," he replied, "After all this time Yogesh is bound to be dead."

"You can at least make sure," said the Princess.

The tomb was opened, and Yogesh was indeed well and hearty. The king was dumbfounded, but lost no time in telling Yogesh of King Kamal's ultimatum.

"But this is not difficult," said Yogesh, "just sit these twelve youths down to a sumptuous dinner, but serve the food

on dirty plates. The crown prince who has been brought up in a royal manner, will refuse to eat on a dirty plate."

It was true, when the twelve youths sat down to dinner, one of them shouted at the servants to fetch him a clean plate.

Now Yogesh advised the King: "Having discovered the prince, hold him as a hostage. Then send an ultimatum to King Kamal that unless he pays homage to you, and hands over Malli the witch, his son the prince will be put to death."

When King Kamal was confronted by this threat he readily admitted defeat, and lost no time in grovelling at the feet of King Prasen to save his son's life.

The old woman Malli, was banished for life, and the day came when Yogesh married the Princess.



TALE FROM SWEDEN

THE SERPENT QUEEN



One day, when a certain King Peter was out hunting in the forest, he saw a beautiful deer, which had garlands of flowers and jewels on its head and round its body.

It was such a strange sight that the king put away his bow and arrows and started to hurry after it.

He ran as fast as he could, but the swift-footed deer was not to be caught and it vanished from sight.

Puzzled, and hoping to see the deer again, King Peter searched for it until evening-time. He came to the bank of a river, very tired, and was about to stretch himself on the bank to sleep, when he heard a voice coming from the water.

"Throw yourself into the river, King Peter," said the voice.

The king looked down into the clear water. At the bottom he could see the faint shape of the deer, looking up as though calling to him.

"Throw yourself into the river, King Peter," said the voice again. "Do as I say and you need not be afraid of coming to any harm."

"It at least knows my name," said the king. "I will do as it says."

At once he dived deep into the water and began to swim down towards the bottom, where he found ahead of him a great palace made of glass and glittering diamonds.

He went inside, crossed a big room covered by carpets of pure golden thread and entered a farther room where, surrounded by young women, was a princess of rare beauty.

Struck by her beauty, the young king asked her to marry him.

"Yes, I will marry you," agreed the princess, who was a fairy named Christina, "but first you must keep a promise."

"Gladly," said King Peter.

"This is the promise you must make and keep—that, whatever happens, you must not try to find out who I am or anything about me."



King Peter dived deep into the water.

"I promise," said the young king and they were married at once.

Years passed by and they had two lovely and graceful children. There seemed to be nothing to disturb their happiness, except for King Peter's increasing curiosity about his wife.

He became so curious, in fact, that he could no longer resist breaking his promise, and one day, when his wife was not there, he searched her apartment to see what he could find.

Before he found anything, however, the queen returned and caught him.

"You have broken the promise you made," she told him, "and because of that I can no longer live with you. Now you must overcome some great tests—but, as you try to overcome them, you must not curse me or you will lose me for ever."

Suddenly a whirlpool appeared and into it the queen and the children vanished, leaving the king standing alone in the middle of a desert. Poor Peter started to shout and cry, but there was nobody to hear him.

Ashamed of himself, the

young king wandered around for many days, without rest, food or anybody to talk to, calling his wife and two children to come back to him.

"If only Christina and my two children would come back to me, I would make and keep any promise asked of me," he sighed, wandering on and on, searching the desert with his tired eyes for any sign of life.

At last, one evening, the queen and the two children came towards him. Overjoyed, King Peter was hurrying to embrace them, when all of a sudden his wife picked up the children and threw them into a huge cauldron of fire, which had appeared before them.

Forgetting what he had been told, the young king was so shocked that he shouted at the top of his voice, cursing the queen for what she had done. A great rumble of thunder shook the air and a goddess, in a coach pulled by white birds, came swooping down from the sky.

"You foolish man," she told him, looking at Peter with flashing eyes. "What you have done has lost you the wife you love. She is really the fairy of the river and when you saw her



as a deer and hunted her she wanted to marry you. I did not wish this to happen, because a fairy should never marry a mortal, even if he is a king. You broke two promises, but as I do not wish your wife to be deeply hurt, I will give you back your children alive and well."

The goddess made a sign and the two children appeared, quite safe and sound—but at the same moment the goddess touched the queen with a magic wand and changed her into a large and horrible serpent, which slid away and vanished into a hole in the ground.

"Break that magic spell if you can, O King," said the

goddess as she soared into the sky in the coach and went from view behind the clouds.

Very sad, King Peter returned to his castle with the two children. He was so unhappy without his wife that he called a wise man to him and asked what he should do to get her back.

"Your Majesty, only you can get her back by performing a brave task," said the wise man. "I warn you that it will be very dangerous. Come with me and I will show you."

The wise man led King Peter to the foot of a hill, in which there was a great stone door. He gave him a wooden club and told him to strike the door.

Peter obeyed. The door crashed wide open and out of the cave in the hill came a huge bull, with fire coming from its mouth.

The bull charged to attack and a tremendous fight between man and beast ended up by the king being the winner.

Though he could see that the king was almost too tired to move, the wise man told him to strike the door again with the club.

This time a giant came out of the hill. The fight between king and giant was terrible to watch, but again the king won.

"Now for the last task," said the wise man. "Strike the door again and promise to kiss whatever comes out of it."

The king obeyed and from out of the hillside slithered an enormous, slimy serpent.

Although shuddering at the sight of it, King Peter went forward and kissed the serpent.

There was a tremendous shaking of the earth, the sky went black for a few moments and the ugly serpent dis-

appeared. In its place stood Queen Christina, even more beautiful than ever.

At last the magic spells had been overcome and there was nothing more to stop King Peter and his queen living happily ever after.





Stories from **MAHABHARATA**

The story so far :

When King Pandu died, his brother Dhritarashtra, who was born blind, became king of the Kurus and brought up the five sons of Pandu, along with his own one hundred sons.

Mutual jealousies between the princes increased from day to day. Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kaurava princes, tried to murder Bhima, the stalwart fighter of the Pandava princes, in the hope that with Bhima out of the way, it would be easy to prevent Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandava princes, from claiming the throne. The princes are trained in the use of arms and warfare by Drona, a brahman

warrior. A tournament is held at Hastinapura, the capital, and in the course of the day a warrior named Karna appeared and proved himself to be the equal of Prince Arjuna in archery.

This started a life-long rivalry between the two. Duryodhana befriends Karna and appoints him King of Anga. Karna is actually the first born of Queen Kunti, but was believed by himself and all others to be the son of a simple servitor.

The House of Wax

When at last, King Dhritarashtra announced that

Yudhishtira was the rightful heir-apparent to the throne, Duryodhana's mad envy and jealousy knew no bounds.

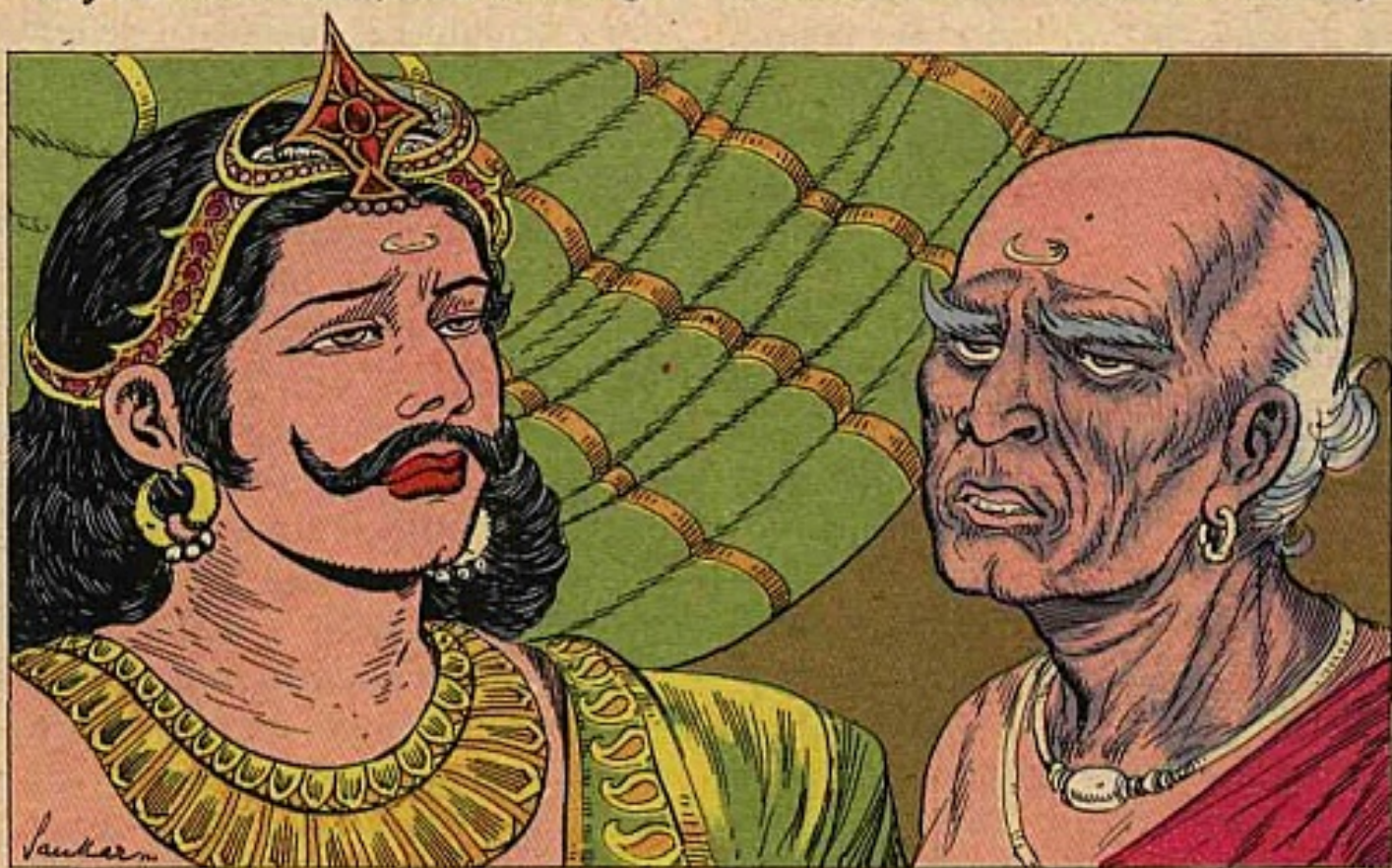
To make matters worse, the people held the Pandava princes in high regard, and Yudhishtira came to be named Dharmaraya, the sustainer of the law. It soon became common knowledge in the palace that the people were muttering that Dhritarashtra had no right to be king, and that Yudhishtira would make a far better ruler.

Dhritarashtra was in many ways a wise ruler, and although

he loved his brother's sons, he was weak-willed and was easily swayed by the evil counsel around him.

Duryodhana conspired with his nefarious uncle Sakuni, and his uncle's minister Kanika, on ways and means to get rid of the Pandava princes.

One day Duryodhana went to his father in a towering rage: "This state of affairs can no longer be endured. The people are already hinting that Yudhishtira should be crowned king immediately. The Pandavas must go, otherwise what is to become of us? Are we to rely



Duryodhana plots with Kanika

on their charity for our future?"

The old King was sorely worried: "Son, what you say may be true, but if we openly oppose or harm the princes, the whole kingdom will rise against us."

"You are wrong," shouted Duryodhana, quivering with rage. "We have powerful allies in Kripa and Dr̥ṇa and his son Aswathama. I beg you, send the Pandavas to Varanasi, otherwise there will never be peace in the kingdom."

Dhritarashtra refused at first to listen to Duryodhana's evil schemes, and then Sakuni and Kanika lost no time in trying to convince the King that to allow the Pandavas to remain at Hastinapura would be an ever growing menace to him and his sons. But if the Pandavas were induced to go to Varanasi, Duryodhana and his brothers would regain their popularity, and perhaps in time the Pandavas could be allowed to return.

In the end Dhritarashtra yielded to the conspirators oily words, and in his weak judgement began to believe that with the removal of the Pandava princes, the Kauravas would for ever reign supreme.

Kunti Devi and the princes welcomed the suggestion of a prolonged visit to Varanasi, for it would be a relief to get away from the treacherous atmosphere of the court at Hastinapura.

Duryodhana delighted at the turn of events, lost no time in planning with Sakuni and Karna on a fatal accident that would rid the world of the princes.

The conspirators hit upon a scheme that seemed bound to succeed. They sent for Purochan, an architect of dubious character, and gave him instructions which he swore to carry out.

Before the Pandavas left for Varanasi, Purochan hastened there well in advance, and with his own artisans and labourers built a beautiful palace to house the Pandavas. Everything in this palace was constructed of the most inflammable material which would burn rapidly. The plan was to set fire to this 'house of wax' when the Pandavas were sound asleep, and as it would burn fiercely, they would stand no chance of escaping, and the Kauravas could never be blamed for such a tragic accident.



The Kaurava princes gloat over the 'house of wax'



The people of Varanasi welcome the Pandavas

The day came when Kunti Devi and the princes took leave of their relatives and friends, and set off on their journey to Varanasi.

Vidura, the wise counsellor, accompanied them part of the way, and before returning to Hastinapura, spoke words of warning to Yudhishtira.

"Listen carefully my son," whispered Vidura, "Death awaits you at Varanasi in a house that has been designed to go up in flames. Be prepared and trust the men I will send, then all will be well."

Yudhishtira sadly realised

that such a hideous plot could only be the work of Duryodhana, and he decided to say nothing to the others, until they reached Varanasi.

The populace of Varanasi were happy that the Pandavas were visiting their city and welcomed them with garlands and music. They were escorted to the 'house of wax' by Purochan, who boasted of its lavish beauties and explained that by the orders of the King, he Purochan, would remain there to look after the comforts of the honoured guests.

That evening Yudhishtira told Kunti Devi and his brothers of Vidura's warning, and then with Bhima, examined the entire building, and there was no doubt that the place was a veritable death trap.

Yudhishtira told Bhima: "Now we know of this dastardly plot, do not let Purochan see that we are suspicious. But we must remain on guard every night, until we get further word from Vidura."

So they stayed in the house and to all appearances, were free from care. During the day they met the people, or went hunting, but at night one of the princes remained on guard.

Meanwhile, Vidura sent a trusted servant, who met the princes in secret, and unknown to Purochan, showed them a carefully concealed door in the house that led to a tunnel which went under the grounds and the surrounding walls of the house.

With this knowledge, the princes decided to escape that very night. At midnight Bhima took a torch and set light to the house in a dozen places, then they all hurried out through the subterranean passage into the forest well beyond the house.

The 'house of wax' was soon a roaring blaze that lit up the sky, and a fast swelling crowd of citizens could do nothing to stem such an inferno, only stand and lament on the fate of the princes and their mother.

The house was reduced to ashes, and in the debris lay the remains of Purochan, a victim of his own dastardly scheming.

When the news reached Hastinapura, Dhritarashtra and his sons shed tears, and performed the most solemn funeral rites for their kinsfolk, who they fondly believed had

perished in the fire.

In the forest, the Pandavas groped their way through the tangled undergrowth till they came to the river Ganga, there they found a boat in charge of a boatman who knew their secret. They crossed the river, and entered the forest on the far side. Bhima, seeing that his mother was exhausted, took her on his shoulders and led the way through the dense forest.

After a time, sheer fatigue and thirst forced them to halt, and they decided to rest. Not so the tireless Bhima, who forced his way through dense

**The Kaurava princes mourn
for their kinsfolk**





**The Pandavas travel through
the forest**

undergrowth until he found a pool, and making cups of lotus leaves, took water to his mother and brothers. Then, whilst the others slept, Bhima stayed awake and armed himself with a club, to protect them against wild animals.

In these forests dwelt a giant rakshasa and his sister called Hidambi. The rakshasas were a tribe of giants that even ate human flesh.

The sister Hidambi, was out early searching for food, when in the distance she saw Bhima standing guard over his mother and brothers. She was smitten by Bhima's athletic figure and

as she could take any form, she transformed herself into a maiden of rarest beauty.

Hearing someone approach, Bhima turned and saw this wonderful looking maiden coming towards him.

At first he was puzzled that such a beauty should be walking through the forest alone. Hidambi came close, and with a dazzling smile said, "I am Hidambi and wish you no harm. But my brother is a man-eating giant, and will slay you all on sight. Follow me and I will lead you all to safety. But promise, I beg of you, to make me your wife."



THE MAGIC STICK

In a far away forest, there once lived an old man, in a cave. He owned three magic things. The first was a cap, which on wearing would make the wearer invisible; the second was a magic pot, from which one could get things to eat endlessly; and the third was a stick, which would beat up anyone the old man wanted to beat, and then return to him. The old man lived very happily and contentedly with his three magic companions.

A thief was on his way to a fair, which was being held just beyond the edge of the forest. It was an annual event to which huge crowds thronged and the thief had hopes of making a lot of money, in various under-hand ways.

As the thief was passing

through the forest, he came across the cave in which the old man lived. The old man heard someone entering his cave and quickly put on his magic cap and became invisible. The thief could not believe that there was no one in the cave, because he was sure that he had seen someone, just before he went into the cave and there was no place in which anyone could hide himself. So the thief hid behind a tree just outside and kept watch over the cave.

The old man thinking that the intruder had left and that he was alone once again, took off his magic cap and came out of the cave. The thief thus found out about the magic cap and determined to steal it and use it to help him in his acts of



thieving. Immediately the old man was out of sight, the thief crept into the cave and grabbed the cap, which he put on his head and so became invisible. Then the invisible thief continued on his way to the fair happily singing to himself.

When the old man returned to his cave and found the magic cap missing, he was very, very upset.

At lunch time he took his magic pot and started eating from it. Another thief who was also on his way to the fair, saw the old man sitting in his cave eating his lunch. The

thief was hungry and so he hid behind the very same tree that the other thief had hidden behind and waited patiently for the old man to leave his cave. Imagine his surprise and joy when he found that the pot was a magic one.

After lunch the old man went off for a walk taking his magic stick with him. The thief dashed into the cave, grabbed the magic pot and hurried off with it, as fast as he could.

When the old man discovered that his magic pot was missing, he was filled with despair. He would have nothing to eat now.

And when he was dying of hunger, of what use would his magic stick be to him?

A little later on in the afternoon, a noble young man was out hunting in the forest, when he came across the poor old man, who was sitting on the stump of a tree, looking very dejected. The young man asked the old man the reason for his sadness.

The poor old man told the youth his tale of woe and added, "Son, you can have my magic stick, because it is of no use to me any longer."

"You will do no such thing, old man," said the sympathetic youth, "Your stick is very useful. Lend it to me and with its help, I will get back your magic cap and your magic pot."

The young man then set out in the direction of the fair. Just at the edge of the forest, a voice that seemed to come from nowhere shouted, "Your money or your life!"

The youth knew at once that the voice must belong to the thief, who had stolen the magic cap.

"I have many valuable things



on me. But make yourself visible to me first," demanded the youth.

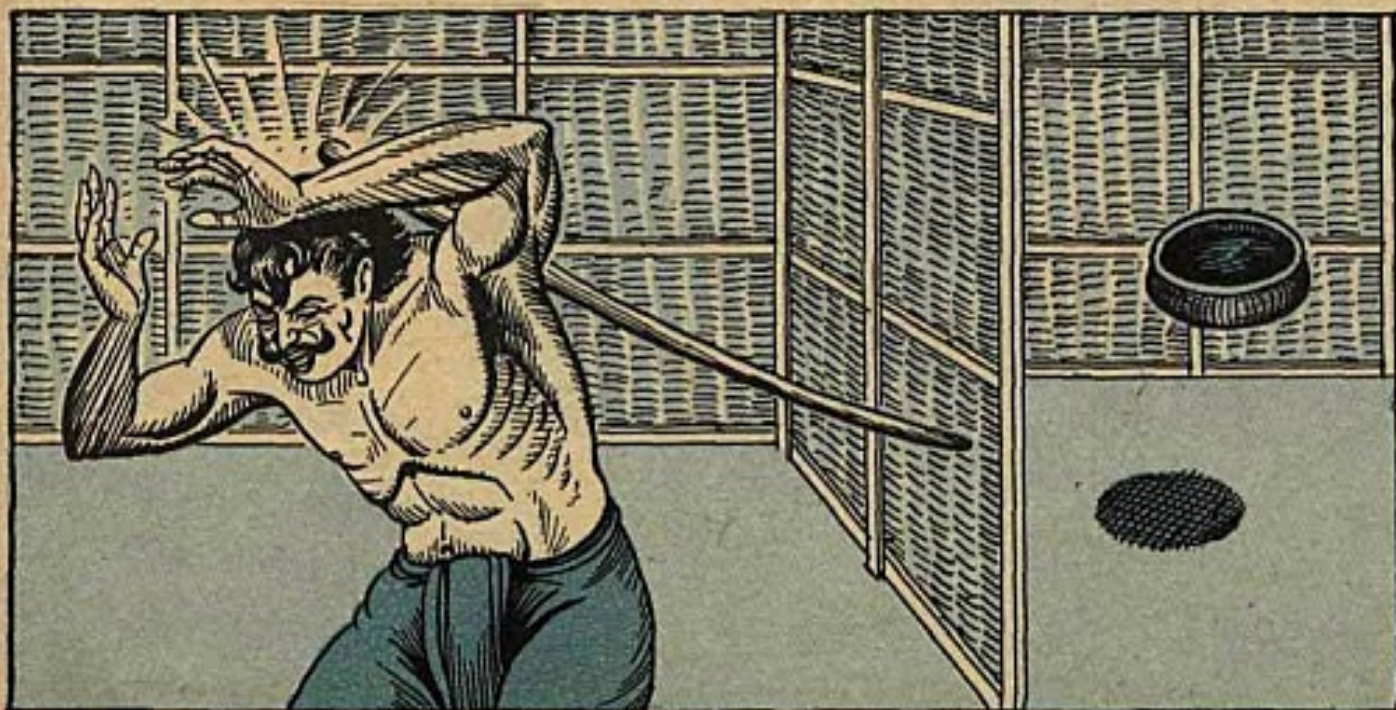
The thief took off the magic cap and became visible. The youth immediately asked the magic stick to beat up the thief. The stick beat the thief so hard that he rolled in agony on the ground. The young man then took the cap from the thief and asked the stick to stop beating him up and proceeded on his way.

At the fair there was a big tent, in which the visitors could buy any variety of food. The young man knew that the pot was sure to be there. He put on the magic cap and went into the tent kitchen. There were no cooks in the kitchen,

only the magic pot, out of which all the delicious food was coming incessantly. He took the pot and ran out of the tent. The thief saw the pot mysteriously floating away in the air and tried to grasp it. Whereupon the young man ordered the magic stick to give him a sound beating.

The young man went back to the cave, in which the old man lived and gave the magic stick, the magic pot and the magic cap, back to the old man.

The old man was overjoyed, to have his three magic friends back again. He thanked the noble young man profusely and treated him to a sumptuous meal from the magic pot.





Can you name this Eastern country and then write the name of its capital city.

Now try to name the national dress that the women of this country wear?

Name one of the foods of this country which the woman on the right is planting.



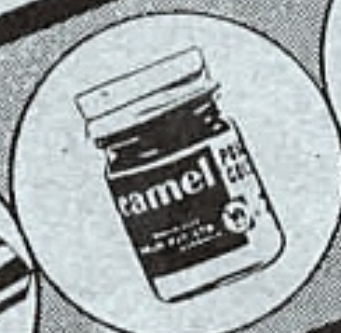
1. Japan. Tokio. Kimono.
2. Rice.

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